

child was only an unlettered Irish dairy woman. All New Orleans knew her as the "Orphan's Friend" and her funeral was larger than any ever known in that city, save that of Jefferson Davis.

Ah, "Margaret Haughery" saw the opportunity for her "Woman's Rights" through the narrow window lights of an attic chamber. She took the work as it came; it widened and broadened in her hands, until, for years before her death, she gave daily to the poor of New Orleans three hundred loaves of bread.

Who can measure the influence of Clara Barton's work or the consecrated efforts of Margaret Bottomé?

How many of us have again and again sung the beautiful hymns: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Draw me Nearer" "Rescue the Perishing," and many others, without ever knowing that she who wrote them was in darkness many years. Yes, for Fanny Crosby, earth's light went out when only six weeks old. Yet her sweet songs of praise, to the number of nearly four thousand, have been known wherever the English tongue is spoken, and so joyously certain is she of God's goodness, that seldom does one note of sadness creep into a whole song.

But why go on? The opportunity for Woman's Rights to-day is but the development of the embryonic opportunity of the past. When God created us He gave us title deeds to broad fields and many highways. We can plant and sow, can till and gather in. But are we paid for all of this you ask? Yes! a thousand fold. Not always, it may be, in dollars and cents, but she who places a dollar before a soul will lose sight of the soul in the glitter of the gold, and a character, fettered in its development by an overweighted pocket-book never rises above the mediocre.

Time may or may not bring to us the use of the ballot; but we will not be the more deserving of it through clamoring for it, and we will the sooner win it by proving ourselves worthy of it.

Forgetfulness of personality and consecration of self to the good of humanity are the keynotes of perfect womanhood, and worth even more than the ballots of earth are the records of Heaven.—*Alice Danner Jones.*

So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask or God's honor to grant.—*Bishop Henshaw.*

WORK is the application of an idea.

King's Children.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The new edition of the King's Children constitution will be ready before the Convention of Ashland. In this edition we have prepared for district organization, in Article 14, and we very much desire that each District Convention take up the work and appoint a board for the purpose of carrying on this work of organization within the District. We will also have the Topic Cards for next year ready and on sale at the Convention; also a full line of requisites. We are working on a design for secretary's book which we hope to have ready soon, and which we think will enable secretaries to supply better reports, hope to have it ready by Convention.

The K. C. program for the Ashland Convention is now ready and will be printed just as soon as we know "where we are at." Most of us would like to be present at each session of the General Convention, and this we cannot do if we have two Conventions in session at the same time.

J. O. TALLEY.

HOW GEORGE WASHINGTON SAVED THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. Paxton's children, George, Bert and Amy, were going out to Longwood farm for their fourth: it was two miles from Brownsburg village, but they would get an early breakfast and walk those two miles before it got hot.

They called on the way for Mrs. Pole's Mat; Mrs. Pole was a lady boarding in Brownsburg that summer, a widow with this one little boy, Matthew Woodson Pole.

It seems as if all American children, as soon as they get into high, leafy woods, think about playing "wild Indian." These boys went about scalping the weeds, and slinging reeds for arrows, and even little Amy helped to build the wigwam of branches.

At some stage in the play, Mat was to come swinging down from the branches of a tree, I don't know for what bloodthirsty purpose. But hardly had he hid himself in the leafy branches when the other Indians heard him say:

"Well, if this ain't too bad! Now I've got to walk all the way back!"

This was a most un-Indian-like speech, and leaving their shaky wigwam the children gathered under the tree. Mat was coming down.

"What's up, Mat?" they asked.

"It's down with me now," answered Mat, sliding along the trunk of the tree at the greatest risk to his blouse and trousers.

"I forgot to mail mother's letter," he

explained, stopping in the lowest crotch of the tree.

"Oh, never mind, you can mail it on your way back this evening," said Bert.

Mat stuck his knee tight in the tree crotch, and holding on with both hands, considered the matter. It was nice and cool out here and lots of fun; the walk back certainly would be hot; if he went back to the village he would have to stay; mother wouldn't let him take that walk in the midday sun again. But then the letter? What about it? He had undertaken to mail it in time for the one o'clock mail.

Mat slipped on down, listened to no advisers, but set out for the Post-office. Warm and dusty and tired and a little cross, he reached his mother's door; but the letter was in time for the one o'clock mail.

His mother was pleased: "That's right," she said; "that's the way George Washington saved his country."

"How?" asked Mat.

"By doing his duty, of course."

Only a day or two later came news of a big bank failure:

"Oh mother!" cried Mat Pole, "that's where you kept your money!"

"No," she said, "your Uncle Charley transferred it for me, two days ago; by the way, Mat, if that letter had not caught the one o'clock train, it would probably have been too late: so, George Washington, you've saved your country this time, by doing your duty!"—*E. P. A.*

AN ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW.

Longfellow, the great poet, was noted for his fondness for children, and this extended to all little folks, whether of his family or not. This was so generally known that a great many of his visitors were children, who came to entertain and to be entertained.

Mrs. Annie Fields gives an extract from her husband's diary which tells how one of the poet's small friends tried to show his affection in a practical way:

"I remember there was one little boy of whom he was very fond, and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long rows of books in the library, and at length asked: 'Have you Jack the Giant Killer?' Longfellow was obliged to confess that his great library did not contain that venerated volume. The little fellow looked very sorry, and presently slipped down from the poet's knee and went away. But the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fists. The child had brought two cents with which Longfellow was to buy a Jack the Giant Killer of his own."—*Atlanta Constitution.*